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Award

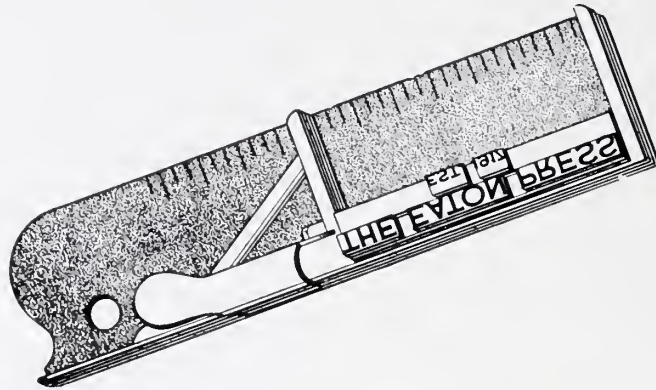
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The Question Period

BY ROBERT PEARSON, '50



IN PUBLIC SPEAKING, the greatest hazard occurs just after the termination of the speech in the formidable, highly dreaded "Question Period." To comprehend the complexities of this modern means of torture, we must first analyze the audience.

The majority of people go to hear a lecturer because they really want to learn something. Some, however, attend because they wish to shake hands with well-known speakers; others go to knit; and still others wish to see other people who go.

The most conspicuous people go because they like to ask questions. If you attend enough forums, you can even discern definite patterns in the questions. For example, some one is certain to ask the "Bear-trap" question. This one goes: "Didn't you contradict yourself when you compared General MacArthur with Mark Antony?" or "How do you reconcile your belief that Russia is not a democracy with your approval of the Soviet constitution?" The intent is to entangle the speaker in his own words.

Closely related is the "Belligerent" or "How Come?" question. This one also attempts to make a monkey of the speaker. It begins with the challenge, "How come you have the right to stand up there and say . . .?" It ends, "You should really clear this up."

Then there is the "Ridicule" query. The local humorist—usually a man—in the tradition of "anything for a laugh," decides that the crowd would be vastly amused if the speaker were made the butt of a clumsy jest. "Whatever made you become an expert on foreign affairs," inquires the clown, "instead of taking up some honest trade?" A universal guffaw ensues. Even the lecturer laughs nervously; but there is a hollow ring in his laughter. He is secretly praying for the chandelier to drop on his tormentor.

Some questions are designed solely to glorify the asker. For instance, there is the "Preamble" or "Slow Wind-Up" question. The questioner is not interested in an answer; he merely wants to deliver a short speech. It sounds something like this: "In a recent address

over the radio, the Grand Duke of Luxembourg intimated strongly that European construction and reconstruction are impossible without money, labor, and a renewed desire to work on the part of Europe's middle and lower classes. Does this relate to your remarks about the Balkans?" The questioner cares as little about the Balkans as he does about the Manchurian soybean harvest. What he really intended to do (and he accomplished it) was to deliver a little lecture of his own.

This procedure can get worse. The woman in the tortoise-shell spectacles and low-heeled shoes is bound to ask the "Special Information" question, another type of lecture-hall self-flattery, "What," she demands in a querulous voice, "does Charles P. Whitley think of this?" It is immediately apparent that she and the speaker are the only ones in the hall, possibly in the entire world, who have ever heard of Charles P. Whitley.

The man on the platform is quick to recognize a kindred soul. "Last time I talked to Charley about this," he answers, smiling broadly, "he agreed with me in principle. But Charley tends to trace the roots of the problem to the Treaty of Utrecht." For the next three minutes every one is firmly excluded from a cozy little tête-à-tête. This, of course, is exactly what the woman wanted.

Somewhat in the same general category is the "Autobiographical" ques-

tion. "I was talking to a fellow who works in the same office I do . . .," it begins. Thus, the questioner immediately cites authoritative corroborative support.

Then there is the timid soul who usually sits down front, but far to one side, and stands several times before the speaker notices her. She usually begins, stammering a little, "I suppose I really shouldn't ask this, but . . ." This is called the "Apologetic" question; its aim is to draw attention while apparently shunning the limelight. The question is harmless enough, although the woman was right; she shouldn't have asked it. The speaker chuckles indulgently and answers with a simple "Yes" or "No."

The physically inept can do more to annoy a lecture audience than anything except flies. A good example is the "Unheard" or "Hidden-Ball" question. A little blonde is sitting right under the podium. She rises to ask something; her mouth moves; the speaker nods. No one in the hall has the faintest notion of what is happening. Then, the speaker answers in a whisper and pours himself another glass of water.

As soon as the speaker is permitted to retire, he should do so in a dignified manner, all the while remembering that, regardless of how well he prepared and delivered his speech, his entire performance has been judged by how well he has borne up under the strain of the "Question Period."

The Pariah

By R. PEARSON, '50

IT IS MY HUMBLE BELIEF that any youngster, sixteen or seventeen years of age, who does not own an automobile or at least have access to one, is veritably doomed to the wretched existence of a recluse. In support of my claim, I will cite instances from my own experiences. Harken, therefore, to the lugubrious legend of Pearson the Pariah!

I possess neither automobile nor access to one; but until a year ago, I did not deem this lack of any great con-

sequence, largely because my associates were in the same position. Upon reaching the magic age of sixteen, however, they suddenly discovered a new world to conquer; and to conquer this world, they needed one requisite—a driver's license. Needless to relate, they all began to surmount this sole obstacle.

Since, alas, I had little hope of operating a motor vehicle, I considered it unnecessary to submit to the mysteries of driving instruction. Obtaining licenses, I told myself, was merely a fad.

Fool that I was! Instead of diminishing, this "fad" persisted and became widespread. As each of my colleagues succeeded in acquiring a license, I found myself sinking ever deeper into the Charybdis of loneliness and despair. I discovered soon enough that, in comparison with a four-wheeled, gasoline-consuming monster, I was considered a very poor second by my erstwhile friends.

My circle of acquaintances narrowed steadily. People with whom I was wont to converse hastened by me with a brusque greeting or a perfunctory nod. I gradually came to the realization that I was the nucleus and body of a clique to which only I belonged. In addition, when I learned that my friends were transporting members of the opposite sex in their automobiles (my parents

had not yet informed me that there was an opposite sex), I decided something should be done to permit me to engage in these new extracurricular activities.

But what was I to do? If my ignorance persisted, I should be irrevocably doomed to an eremitic existence! Never again shall I be able to hold my head aloft at social gatherings; for, alas, I am one of those social misfits who possess no license. Suddenly, I hit upon a plan.

I reasoned that if I were to obtain that essential object—a driver's license, I, too, should be admitted into that esoteric society to which all my friends belonged. Eureka! This was the solution. In retrospect, I curse myself as a fool for ever believing that any pleasures could possibly be obtained by a licenseless Pariah.

Woodland Chapel

BY LEWIS M. OLDFSON '54

Five o'clock. The morning sky was
clear

But for one lonely cloud which floated
near.

The grass was dressed in diamonds
of dew.

Incense of clover, violet and white,
Had filled the glade. The place was
bathed in light
Reflected by the pool of silver blue.

Large elms formed fluted columns high
and wide.

A grass-bank altar, flanked on either
side

By graceful ferns, was standing on
the green.

I clasped my hands and bowed my
humble head;

Upon a glorious feeling was I fed,
For till now the wealth of God I had
not seen.

Charity

BY PAUL J. MURPHY, '50



THERE WERE FOOTSTEPS on the stairs; then, a stumble and a testy word. Mrs. Blimms peered over into the gathering darkness. "Is it the doctor, sir?" she asked. It was the doctor's assistant. Then there was silence again as the door of the side-room took him in.

For five minutes the stairs were darker than ever. Then the assistant, a very young man, came out again, followed by the old woman with a candle. "He's sinking fast," said the assistant. "He must have a stimulant. Dr. Mansell ordered port wine. Where is it?" Mrs. Blimms mumbled incoherently. "I tell you he must have it," he averred with

unprofessional emphasis (his qualification was only a month old). The man can't take solid food, and his strength must be kept up somehow. Another day will make all the difference: Is it because you can't afford it?"

"It's an expense, doctor—such an expense." She grew inarticulate and mumbled dismally.

"But he must have it, Mrs. Blimms, if it's your last shilling; he must have it; it's the only way. If you mean you absolutely haven't the money—" and he paused a little awkwardly. He was not a wealthy young man, but he was self-conscious about a certain windfall of money from cards the other night; and, being inexperienced, he did not see realistically the career into which he was entering at his expense and at his own motion. He produced five shillings: "If you haven't the money, why—take this and get a bottle—good: but not at a public-house. But mind, at once. He should have had it before."

It would have interested him, as a matter of coincidence, to know that his patient had been guilty of the self-same indiscretion—even the amount was identical—on that same landing the day before. But, as Mrs. Blimms said nothing of this, he floundered down the stairs and out into the wetter mud, pondering whether or not he might take credit for a deed of charity on the proceeds of a game of cards. But Mrs. Blimms puffed her cheeks, and shook her head sagaciously as she carried in her candle. From the room came a clink as of money falling into a teapot.

Warts The Trouble

BY MORRIS M. GOLDINGS, '53

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, I noticed a little lumps of skin making their appearance on my hands. Our family physician said that they were just the

beginnings of harmless growths called "warts". Nothing else developed for months.

Warts are strange growths, very com-

mon, but usually of short duration. Basically they are not harmful; but if they continue growing and spread, they may prove serious. At the very least, they detract from one's appearance. Warts, however, have their brighter side. Many baseball pitchers, for instance, attribute the success of their curve balls to warts on their index or middle fingers.

Since I am, by no means, a baseball pitcher, let us return to my own saga. These warts did grow; and, when they began to spread, it was decided that I should go to a dermatologist (much to the "G.P.'s"* displeasure, I imagine.) This skin doctor was a big man in the field, in more ways than one. Like any specialist, he was unable to see me until an hour after the appointed time. When he did finally get to me, he really got down to business; and what a business it was!

The diagnosis, of course, came first. For this he employed a large, high-powered magnifying glass—the type just right for philatelic purposes. He must have heard of my addiction to stamp-collecting, for he left no samples lying about in easy reach. He studied the warts for a few minutes, saying nothing but the customary "Hm-m" and "Ah-ha". He then blurted out this startling information: "Yes, sir; they're warts, all right!" (I knew that myself from *Tom Sawyer*.)

With typical Latin School inquisitiveness, I asked, "Well, just what causes them?"

He countered with, "Oh, it's a virus."

Delving further into the situation, I asked, "What causes the 'wirus'?" (Please note the Latin pronunciation.)

This question stunned him for a few seconds, but he managed an abrupt, "Oh, ah; that's not too well understood." The discussion quickly died there. "Virus" is a rather broad term, I believe; but I dared not say. The doctor summoned his associate and told him just what was to be done. He then called in his next victim—I mean, patient.

I went to the other doctor's office,

* G.P.—General Practitioner

and the fun began (fun for him, that is). He told me just what had to be done.

"Now, all I have to do is burn each of the warts with this electric needle. That won't hurt a bit; but, before that, I'll have to jab each one once or twice with novocain. That may sting a little. Ha, ha, ha!"

What an understatement! I shall omit the gruesome details. It is sufficient to say that it was no picnic, although, in all fairness to the doctor and his future patients, it wasn't so bad as I had anticipated (I guess). Some of the language I thought of using at this time could not be printed here.



The operation was completed with his painting the spots with a red antiseptic. What a marvelous artist he would have made! Well, this miserable affair was finally over—or was it?

Dry your tears; there is a happy ending. The next Monday morning I had in my possession a 5"x4" slip of paper, which read as follows:—"Due to the healing cuts on his hands, Morris Goldings is hereby excused from Physical Education for two weeks" That is truly an award coveted by many, but achieved by few. I still don't know how warts are started, but I am desperately trying to find out. If and when I do, before giving it to medical science, I may be persuaded, by certain envious Fourth Classmen, to sell them the idea.

The line forms to the right.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT RITTENBERG, '51

This essay is directed to all Latin School boys not Seniors at the moment. The basic reason that Seniors are not included is that they have already experienced what I am going to say and, consequently, will vouch for anything which follows.

Sixty-three dollars! That is the minimum. Yes, that's right! Sixty-three dollars is the *minimum* paid by a normal senior.—What's more, the maximum starts at ninety dollars and goes up, according to the habits of the particular boy involved. On the other hand, at English High . . . But why mention that haven of rest, because anybody with enough patience to read this far certainly has enough patience to keep striving for a Latin School diploma.

In detailed explanation, here is what I mean:—A few days after school starts, the following notice is read to all classes:—"All boys of sound mind and with one head are expected to contribute, of their own free will, two dollars and seventy-five cents to the Loyalty Fund."

Almost immediately, the Seniors elect a president, invariably a football star, who is supposed to unite them in a conspiracy. This is a Senior's first mistake. (It is really his *second* because he shouldn't have come to B.L.S. in the first place.) In case of a strike—or even if there isn't one—a class treasury is started. In short, class dues are two dollars.

It might be a coincidence, but there is really no reason for this state of affairs. What am I talking about? I am referring to the fact that when a Senior begins to decide that he needs a rest from his studies; or, even better, a change of scenery, the Latin School football team supplies him with a "Victory Dance" (occasionally, a misnomer.) If you're lucky, you get away for \$4.50; if you're not lucky, too bad. Tickets cost one dollar and eighty cents; your coat can be checked, along with your girl friend's, for about twenty-five cents; a midnight snack

may be purchased for about one dollar and eighty cents; and lastly, a few miscellaneous but essential odds and ends may be garnered for a few cents. There are two other dances of this sort; namely, the "Basketball Dance" and "The Midwinter." Incidentally, the tickets for the "Midwinter" cost two dollars and forty cents. Therefore, figure on dance expenses of about fifteen dollars.

Now I take you behind the scenes. There are usually forty boys or so on a dance committee, and each member has to pay one dollar and fifty cents. If he sells three tickets, he doesn't have to pay for his own.

By this time the price of being a Senior really starts catching up with you: Sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents for a class ring. (You say you're going to leave us. Too bad: sixteen seventy-five, anyway.) Six dollars and fifty cents for a yearbook. (The six dollars is for having your name printed on the cover in gold letters.) Ah, it's here! Are you flunking? One dollar, please. Are you passing? Fifty cents, please. (After all, we can't forget the Christmas spirit.)

Depending upon your personality, you've got to consider the price of a few Booster tickets of club dues. (Club dues are fifty cents; and although the school's rules say that a boy can belong to only three clubs, many boys have been known to go into debt.)

The Latin-English game is a necessity; you *must* go. The price is usually fifty cents. If you happen to be on the football squad, you should be prepared to pay at least ten dollars for a team jacket or a sweater or whatever the prevailing mode calls for.

Every Latin School boy's aim is college. Needless to say, that recreational activity costs money, too. But taking only the preliminaries into account, ten dollars is required for the privilege of taking the College Boards, plus whatever the college requires you to pay on your acceptance.

I've got to slip this in somewhere; so here it is. Graduation is coming; we need presents for the teacher—one dollar, please.

It's up to you as far as the cost of going to the "Farewell Prom" is concerned. A tuxedo costs five dollars; tickets, three dollars and sixty cents; *The Meadows*, a special price of five

dollars; a corsage, three dollars; and, last but not least, you can't go by street-car. Mm! at least sixteen dollars and sixty cents.

If I were a Senior—which I am not—I should be able to tell you more; but as I am repeating only gossip, I will take leave of you by saying, "*Junior, start saving now.*"

An Ideal Night For . . .

BY PAUL STONE MERLIN, '51

IT'S AN IDEAL NIGHT for chess. The rain is coming down in torrents. My eyes meet those of my friend as we hear the persuasive voice of the ambitious candidate for governor coming over the radio. My thoughts unconsciously go back twenty years.

"The Voice of Springville"—our radio station (Mine, Mark's and Roy's)—was just starting. For programs we had records, news, and more records. Mark was the controlling force, and he was just what our little "enterprise" needed. Times were bad; the depression had settled over the land like a dark shadow, but it hadn't affected Mark. He was smart, likable, and good-looking. Roy, on the other hand, was the shadow behind Mark. He had idolized him since childhood, and the passing of years had made no difference. We three had grown up together, and this station was our brainchild.

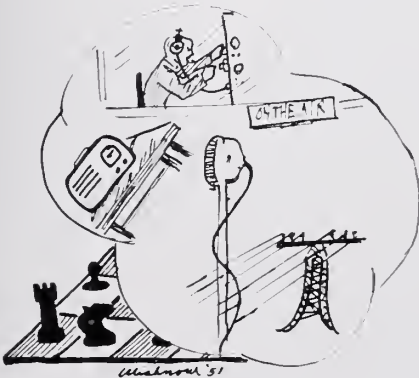
The station did all right, considering

conditions; but six months after the station had opened, sponsors began dropping out. We started to worry. One day Roy came up with the idea of having a program that would be devoted to commentaries on current problems. He overrode all objections, and so we went to work on our newest project. Mark, of course, was the commentator; Roy prepared all the reports and did the announcing. I just stood by and watched with a vague feeling of unrest. The morning after the first commentary, when I arrived at the station. I found Roy sitting jubilantly at our broken-down desk, waving a sponsor's contract in my face. See, I told myself—you and your crazy fears.

The program continued successfully, and some local politicians seemed to take an interest in Mark. He certainly put his heart into that program, but it was Roy who spent hours preparing the reports. Somehow or other, something seemed to be in the air that I just didn't like, but I tried to shake off this uneasy feeling, laughing at myself.

Just six weeks after the first commentary we were having a late snack at a local diner. The conversation was moving along smoothly until Roy turned suddenly to Mark and said, "Well, old boy, we finally got a break. Today Mayor Lappin told me that he intends to offer you a position as his assistant campaign manager." Mark looked up with those quiet eyes of his and said softly, "I can't accept it, you know; Lappin isn't on the level."

"Not accept it? Are you crazy? What



do you think I have worked for these last two months?"

His shrill remonstrance was broken by Mark's quiet, "I am sorry." Then he got up and left.

The next day, Mark and I waited for Roy to come to the station, but he never returned. About four months later, when Mayor Lappin was re-elected,

Roy's picture was in the paper; and the caption under it read, "Lappin's brilliant young campaign manager."

So that's the way things worked out. Roy started to move up politically in his own right. Now he is candidate for governor, and he'll most likely get elected . . .

It's your move, Mark.

The Crisis

BY THOMAS D. WALSH, '50

He stood before the mirror;
His face was cool and staid.
He looked himself in the eye
And gripped the gleaming blade.

He gathered up his courage
And raised his trembling hand;
Cold sweat broke out upon his brow—
'Twas not as he had planned.

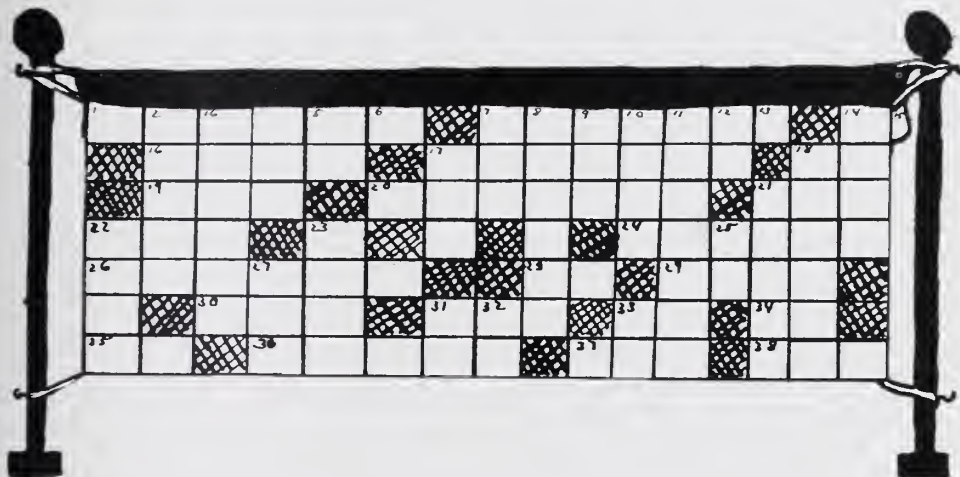
He dropped his arm and sighed relief;
He looked at his reflection.
He couldn't understand his fear;
He'd practised to perfection.

His breath was hot; he still perspired;
His heart was beating madly.
He steeled himself to check the fear;
His courage faded badly.

He tried and tried, but he knew in his
heart,
'Twas never if not now.
With firm resolve, he raised his arm
With a solemn vow.

He brought the glittering blade to his
throat:
His attitude was grave,—
No one could stop the demon now,
now,
For he had begun to shave.

NET work Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Prof. tennis champ of world
7. History teacher in Room 214
14. Latin for IF
16. Musical wind instrument
(resembles clarinet)
17. English for "oro" (Lat.)
18. American Airlines (Abbrev.)
19. Latin for "with"
20. Daughter of Agamemnon
(Greek hero of Troy)
21. A wooden runner to glide over snow
22. B.L.S. arch rival (Abbrev.)
24. What a senior should get his girl for
Prom (Ha !)
26. Margin
28. Italian river
29. Latin for same
30. 6th major planet (abbrev.)
31. English for "edit" (Lat.)
33. Latin for on
34. Cleveland Indians shortstop (Initials)
35. And (French or Latin)
36. English slang for "victor, oris" masc.
(Lat.)
37. Latin for "along with"

Down

1. Outstanding Latin teacher in B.L.S.
3. English for "abutitur" (Lat.)
4. English slang for Mater (Lat.)
5. Author of "Hoosier Schoolmaster"
(Initials)
7. Word used in giving maiden name of
married woman
8. English for "effugio" (Lat.)
9. Opera Co. (Abbrev.)
10. Usual recitation mark
11. Sweet-potato (musical instrument)
12. Math teacher in 103 (Initials)
14. English for "dictus" (Lat. past partic.)
17. Boston Latin School (Abbrev.)
18. Position of body with hands on hips
and arms thrust outwards
21. A pantry-board to hold objects
22. German River
23. Edifice Romans were famed for
25. Author of "Oliver Twist" (Initials)
27. Female army soldier
31. Before noon (Abbrev.)
32. Initials of a French teacher who is
a captain in the U. S. N. (Res.)
33. Latin for "into"

(Solution on Page 23)

A Garrulous Orange

By THOMAS S. DOHERTY, '51

FOOTSORE AND THIRSTY, throwing his leather knapsack aside, the weary traveller sat down on a flat stone. He pulled off his travel-worn shoes and rubbed his aching feet. Leaning back, he thrust his right hand deep into the pocket of his jacket and pulled out an orange, round and smooth.

"Orange," he said, "you should thank your lucky star you aren't a man. Work, work, work is all we do, the whole day long; and all we get in return is heartaches and pains. If prices go up, real wages go down. If I try to think seriously and quietly, I am called an introvert, a recluse. If I go out and make merry, I am called a loose-living heathen. If things aren't done at the right time, I'm a blunderer and a block-head. No matter what I do, I'm always wrong and every one else is right. Civilization declines as divorces, ulcers, and nervous breakdowns increase. If a

man dies immediately after he is born, he's lucky, these days."

"Aw, can that stuff!" remarked the orange, surprising the man with its vulgar speech. "You men are always griping. No matter where we go, we hear you complaining. If you'd only stop to think of others, you'd realize your complaints are foolish. For instance, what are you planning to do with me?"

"Why, cut you in two and eat you!"

"You see?" explained the orange. "There you are! That's the way of all oranges. While you men go about this world complaining about your aches and pains, oranges by the millions are uncomplainingly being cut, sliced, squeezed, ground, mashed, and vivisected!"

"But why don't you do something about it? You could, if you wanted to, have all the oranges in the world shrivel on the branch and never bloom!" protested the puzzled man.

"Sure we could," lectured the orange. "But it's this way, you see; we accept our destiny. Ever since the beginning of time, oranges have been used and abused in the same way. Of course, we oranges could rebel, but we understand the fate of the orange. If more of you humans realized that no matter how much you try, you can't change the ultimate train of events, you'd probably have a better world. Remember that the Creator has designed a pattern, and that events proceed according to that plan!"

Thereupon, after politely enough saying, "Thank-you", the traveller cut the orange and ate it; and as he went along his way, he realized his feet didn't hurt any more.



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Quelques Bons Mots

(BEING A LENGTHY SHAGGY DOG STORY WITH COMMENTARIES)

SUMNER J. FERRIS, '50
SHELDON E. FEINSTEIN, '50



MANY YEARS AGO (three, to be exact) we stumbled on—and through—a famous passage in *Caesar*, designed to show that great man's wit.¹ It related how he had put some of his *pedites* on *equi*; whereon one of them² said, "*Nunc facit nos equites*." Then and there it took the editor several paragraphs to explain why Cicero back in Rome split his toga laughing at it.³ But why, we thought, can't we have a joke in a foreign language that *retains* its humor in translation? My work was cut out. Having chosen French, I took off my studs (I even wear French cuffs) and set to work.

¹And probably the real reason why they killed him.

²A *pedes*, not an *equus*.

³Any boy interested in further reading on this subject should acquire one of Mr. MacKay's excellent translations from any pupil in Classes IVA or IIIB. (*Advt.*)

First, I thought of translating that poem about the bee⁴, but gave up the idea because (a) the meter would be off, and (b) I'd be censured. So much for *la poésie*. Perhaps I could treat that laudable effort overheard in 124: "Caesar was a great Roman; he was a-roamin' all over the world". After I had burnt much midnight oil, my result became "*César était un grand Roman: il errait par tout le monde*"⁵—a good effort, I imagined, until my French teacher rendered it "Caesar was a tall Roman; he was wandering through everybody." I disposed of his body in the Hot Lunch, tossed my attempt into the waste basket, and abandoned that witty remark.⁶

⁴Copies of the original cheap. See me (*Advt.*)

⁵Well, he was!

⁶Or was it half-witty? Hands, please.

At least, however, I recognized wherein lay my error: there were too many possibilities in translation. Just to strike off on a tangent, I thought of the three deaf codgers on the train.¹ Done in French, this is their spiritely conversation: "*Est-ce Wembley?*" "*Non, c'est le jeudi.*" "*Je le suis aussi; ayons quelque chose à boire.*" "All you French scholars could get a big bang out of that,² but it would leave the Frenchman in a fog.³ I shuddered and cast away this attempt; I had yet to strike a happy medium.⁴

A few more frustrations:

"*Vous avez la figure divine-comme Andy Devine.*" Fair, I suppose; but lacking that *je ne sais quoi*.⁵

"Your ears are like flowers-cauliflower flowers" becomes "*Vos oreilles sont comme des fleurs des choux*"—hideous—but at least I knew my errors.⁶ The

¹This is a moustache-type joke; it grows on you.

²You could, but you probably won't.

³I could say "frog", but that's too much.

⁴A friend of mine once struck a jolly fortune-teller, though.

⁵Maybe it just lacks humor.

⁶An instance of what might be called a "*je sais quoi*".

typical Frenchman would be in the dark after hearing that one;⁷ for the word "*chou*" could be translated as "cabbages".⁸

At best, I could expect no more than a slim chuckle from the *hoi-polloi*.⁹ After an arduous, turbulent week, I became inspired. I snatched my French typewriter¹⁰ and set to work:

"Une fois, il y avait un homme qui avait un chien nommé Abner. Quand ils faisaient une promenade, les gens se disaient, 'Oh! Voilà l'homme and Abner!'"¹¹

I had achieved my goal!¹²

⁷A colleague states that Frenchmen prefer to be in the dark—with French women. Fooey to him!

⁸Also as "kale", "bow", "rosette", or "puff-paste".

⁹Greek for "*les gens*."

¹⁰That same friend of mine always says "*Bonjour*" when he answers the phone. It is a French phone, isn't it?

¹¹I could have given that in German, Italian, or Spanish, except that a) you wouldn't understand it and b) I couldn't write it.

¹²I also flunked French for the month.

Elegy

BY CONRAD D. GELLER '51

Uncle Jake,

His youth behind,
Had a problem on his mind,
And finding he could not decide,
Gave it up and went and died.

Baldness seemed his only curse,
(People thought, "Life could be
worse.")

But he had things upon his mind
Concerning papers he had signed.

He did not tell his greying wife
But picked the largest kitchen
knife:

Fell upon the floor and died,
And thought his creditors defied.

* * * *

The relatives were not unkind—
Even the undertaker cried.

On Worry

By JOHN C. MacLENNAN, '50

I CAN WORRY on just about any subject and acquit myself admirably. I am not a natural worrier; I have acquired my wonderful knack of worrying through a long and tedious education. My teachers have always been generous with grades low enough to cause me concern. A kind few have gone "all out" and failed me. These gentlemen I humbly thank. Anxiety over grades is one of the best ways for a B.L.S. undergraduate to develop a concentrated, reflective style of worry.

Many expert worriers remain forever obscure simply because they never tell anyone how diligent they are at their favorite activity. My own technique is to corner a friend and rain my troubles on his unprotected ears. He usually attempts to escape by glibly remarking, "I shouldn't worry too much." This is my cue to elaborate on my misfortunes. My friend, as he departs, wonders at my conscientious attitude and comes to the conclusion that, after all, I am an upright, responsible sort of chap.

If one worries long and hard, he will some day be regarded as a pillar of his community (maybe). He will retain a youthful figure; and his face will be deeply lined, giving evidence of great depth of character. If the pillar is unusually fortunate, his hair will turn



prematurely gray and add to his distinguished appearance.

A persevering soul may worry himself into a *good position*—(i.e., "position," as contrasted to "job.") In fact, a really high type of worrier may become President of a mammoth capitalistic organization. Then one day, said soul, after worrying about everything from the super A-bomb to the lack of interest in ancient Sanskrit, will depart from our valley of sorrow and care. He need not concern himself with those left behind. They will have plenty of their own worrying to enjoy.

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Paul

By JOHN LATORRAGA '53

PAUL is my six-year-old brother. He is a sweet, affectionate, and trusting little fellow, who thinks that every one is his friend.

Fair-haired and fair-skinned, he shows no trace of his father's Italian blood. His is a slight but well proportioned and wiry little body. Sure-footed and agile, he skips fearlessly over and among the large rocks along the shore of our lake in search of frogs while talking happily and busily to himself.

He loves to go down on the beach and hope with a frog or swim with a salamander; but he likes to catch them even more. Filling his pockets with a weird assortment of lucky stones during the course of the day and putting them under his pillow at night are habitual with Paul.

In the water, he attempts any feat of swimming, on or below the surface; while in our rowboat, (much to our admiration, but also to our consternation) he rows recklessly anywhere. He is Nature's boy and well fitted for country life.

His one dislike has been school, where he is in the first grade. Many an unhappy suppertime is heralded by the question hopefully and fearfully put, "Is there school tomorrow, Mama?"

the answer to which, sad to relate, must be "Yes" five nights of the week.

One day, just last week, Paul flew into the house, bursting all over with importance. With his clear little face flushing and beaming, he shouted with excitement, "What do you 'fink', Mama? What do you fink? Who do you fink was the best boy in the whole school today?" Before my mother could answer, he told her to close her eyes while he peeled off his coat. Then he told her to open them again as he stood there, displaying a small, bright, silver paper star glued to his shirt collar as a token of good work.

It was a milestone in Paul's life, for his first year at school has been a very trying one for him. It has irked him to be tied to a desk for so many hours at a time, and the need to learn arithmetic has not been at all clear to him. Numbers by themselves have no meaning to Paul. One cent and one cent definitely make two cents in his mind; but the abstract one and one was still just the figure one, uninteresting and lacking in meaning.

Although Paul isn't the quickest in his class, he is one of the happiest and makes the people about him happy, which is the greatest achievement in life.

The Moon

By LEWIS M. OLFSO '54

An alabaster jewel in the sky,
She guards the world while others
are asleep
And gazes in the ponds where willows
weep
To see her shining face within their
deep
And dusty waters, where soft ripples
die.

Cathedral in the Kingdom of the Blue,
She spreads her light o'er all the
weary world.

Her beams, in silver cloaks, around
her swirl

As to the earth they delicately twirl
To sprinkle in their paths the morning
dew.

EDITORIALS

Laudatores Temporis Acti

"Objectivity, m'boy, that's the thing." This original Micawber-type of saying is, unfortunately, not a truism. And when lack of objectivity is coupled with a tendency to yearn for a "Golden Age" gone by, the world fallaciously takes it to its bosom as one of its most treasured illusions.

Man, probably since Cain longed for the paradise of his father, has looked on the days of his ancestors as something to be treated only with awe, but never again to be surpassed or recaptured. There are no more truly heroic, selfless deeds; no Jason sailing for a golden fleece; morals are increasingly worse; the whole world, in truth, seems decaying when compared with other days. He peers into superficial annals and reads of heroes and great personalities, but turns away in disgust from his own world before he can discover other facts: Proud, civilized Rome (an autocracy with filthy streets and bad plumbing) enjoyed such cultivated activities as casting dice for a crucified victim's clothing. Lincoln seemed almost to enjoy contradicting himself; the Patriots looted Tory homes here in Boston.

But are these not really trifling matters? Surely, they serve to show that our own time is not *especially* rotten and that our heroes were somewhat less than demigods, but are they significant in themselves? Is it not the *greatness* of the past that survives. The logical conclusion, therefore, must be that our own day probably has some redeeming spark of greatness in one form or another. The faults which we notice and mark as rampant in our time will not be the common memory of a future age, no more than is Nero's method of feeding the lions with Christians our basic reminder of Rome. Our contributions to the future are likely to be as great as those of Shakespeare's time—even though different. Crisis in our government may arise. Washington administered his most ably; but another figure—even of today—might surpass him. Shakespeare seems God's gift to English literature; nothing, however, prevents even a Harvard man of '50 from bettering the bard. Morality seems lax; widespread public consciousness of morality is a late invention.

Then why criticize our contemporaries so harshly? Although often in history one encounters many evil forces and beings, they are nearly always in connection with some sort of struggle or other, almost invariably with some force for good triumphant. Therefore, it is the greatness and fortitude of the good—and, incidentally, the evil—that we remember.

To be sure, when we look on each of them, we are confused by a multiplicity of factors which we feel we must consider; and we cannot so easily evaluate our fellows as 'good' or 'bad' as we do our forerunners. Although the whole world seems comparatively askew, individuals need only a personal sense of awareness to do great, noble deeds. There were giants in the earth at one time, and there will continue to be. (They will, however, never be gods.)

Despite contemporary progress, nevertheless, we should not be too elated. Although in concrete ways we seem to move forward, the works and men of old are none the less great. Profound and lasting influences have come to us from the past

—the genius of Galileo, the beauty of Homer: but it would be nonsensical to say that we *cannot* outstrip them. (Who, for instance, might not venture to say that, while each is great in his way, Einstein surpasses Newton?)

It does not, then, detract from either the ancient or the modern to compare one with the other; where one misses the mark, the other may succeed and point the way. Either might make life better in the future. The past may post the theorem for the present to solve the problem. Either one may reap glory for its share.

To return, at last, to my original point of objectivity: Only from unbiased, aloof, difficult study may we, then, correctly evaluate the relative merits of any person, event, or culture. They are not, of course, intrinsically good or bad merely because of their age. But each will, as time progresses, contribute its share to the future of the world; and we should learn to distinguish between them.

The Record Speaks

One of the less discussed aspects of our life at school is the impression each of us makes upon both masters and fellow-students. Perhaps few realize that as we go through school, we are writing an indelible record. It may, upon first analysis, seem little more than a superficial, unimportant, and quickly forgotten record.

What difference will it make, in the long run, what our classmates may think of us? Who will ever learn our teachers' opinions? School can be important only as a means of acquiring knowledge. Our position in society will be based upon our later merits. These are erroneous views of the shortsighted, unthoughtful student—views which often lead to later disappointment and failure.

During our schooling we must consider our teachers and classmates our society. It is they who are constantly forming opinions of us—opinions more important than the scholastic record. These impressions determine the course of our lives.

Seemingly insignificant evidence of character and personality establishes this record. Our sociability, our earnestness, our honesty and integrity are written down as assets in our character ledger. These impressions are not stored away in the dark recesses of a vault. They are active bits of information, of great benefit when we need them; or liabilities that may overthrow us when we expect them least. Yes, the record speaks!

It speaks when we file application to institutions of higher learning. It speaks when we seek positions or enter professions. It speaks when we seek financial aid. It is the judge of our standing.

In school, each student is given an equal opportunity to establish a good, clean, unblemished reputation. He is given the chance to form favorable impressions. To overlook this golden opportunity is to let the key to future success slip through his fingers. If we realize the privilege, however, and act accordingly, we are writing ourselves a ticket which will entitle us to travel round the world unfettered. Our school years are a determining factor in our reputations. *The record speaks!*



What About The Register?

Even if the writer were lectured on the subject, he still would not be able to discern between two- and twelve-point type; he has but a faint inkling of what galley-proofs are; he has even been known to mistake printer's ink for paint. Yet he is obviously on the staff of the B.L.S. *Register*; and as a member of the staff, despite this confessed lack of technical knowledge, he has been designated to give the student body the correct impression of our publication.

A school magazine is designed principally not for the students' reading, but for their writing: for the reader must realize that, despite the odd sound of this statement, we publish not a newspaper, but a magazine; not so much to provide popular copy to be read as to provide a medium for original expression. For every pupil of ability in literary or illustrative art there is an opportunity to try his talents practically. Features and editorials afford an excellent chance for future journalists. Articles are accepted on any subject the author may make pertinent and interesting. Humor is not only rampant; it is welcome . . . How many of you think the *R.R.R.* capable of betterment, for example? For the *Register*, however, all material must have something distinctive—a fresh outlook, unusual subject-matter, a bright style. If an author ever wishes to see his work in print, it must have some redeeming quality—whether he does his work for the *Register* or the *New Yorker*. Therefore, the school itself, or at least a portion of the student body, is responsible for what is in this magazine.

Perhaps we should, therefore, clarify a few well-noised, though faulty, impressions. To begin with, the *Sports Section* is one of the least significant sections of a literary magazine; for, by the time the issue is ready for distribution, the news is so stale that it is of use almost solely as a record of past events. Believe it as you will, but no one on the staff ever wishes to see a plagiarized article in print, regardless of its high quality. If you do see a piece of work that you think mimicked in style or in idea, it has passed through against the knowledge of all—and therefore against the wishes of the entire staff, not to mention the Man with the Blue Pencil . . . It should be clear, then, that the *Register* attempts to be distinctive, regardless of the mob; but in one section of the magazine, save the *Sports*, the magazine succumbs to popular demand—the *R.R.R.* Even in this, nevertheless, we try to be original, and not to copy the so-called “jokes” of many another school publication, but to do something for which there is small parallel among public school magazines. And it *does* stand out.

But what makes a magazine good? What gives it its place above the herd? Its originality, its unique qualities, its adherence to highest standards. And no one else, save you, the reader, can keep it where it has remained till now—at the top, as the *Harper's* or *Atlantic* of school magazines. A look at the literary staff is almost frightening; so few names are there, and so few of them not Seniors. This is *your* magazine—yes, *you*, the reader. Like it or not, you will buy it (and probably read it) for the remainder of your B.L.S. career. The general policy of the *Register* will remain undoubtedly the same; yet the quality of it can easily be improved to the point where it can flaunt on its masthead “Founded by George Santayana” and be worthy of that distinction. A school of quality ought to reflect itself in a magazine of quality. Remember just that as you take pen in hand and begin to write.

The Game He Had To Win

By ROBERT JASPER, '52

"BOBBY" HAYES hesitated as he stood in the dark passageway in front of "Skip" Larson's office. Determined as he was, he entered the manager's office to see Larson more nervous than ever, worrying about the day's big game with the *Tigers*.

"What is it, Hayes?" barked Larson.

"Well, Mr. Larson, it's like this," stammered "Bobby".

"Come on, let's have it."

"Okay, Mr. Larson; here it is. I want you to pitch me in today's game."

"Are you kidding?" laughed Larson. "I've saved 'Flash' Lewis just for this game."

"Just listen a second, will you?" pleaded the lad. "My dad is lying helpless in bed now. The doctor says he hasn't got more than forty-eight hours to live. When I saw him this morning, the last thing he said was 'Bobby, I would be very happy if I could see you pitch just once.' Won't you give him his last wish, Mr. Larson?"

"Look, Bobby; it's a tough decision to make, but I'll pitch you on one condition: if the *Tigers* score more than one run in any inning, I'll lift you."

"Bobby" raced down the passageway to the clubhouse to don the black and white flannels of the *Yankees*. An hour before game-time "Skip" Larson announced that "Bobby" Hayes and "Al" Baker would be his battery. The multitude of the fans was amazed to see the tow-headed "kid" warming up to pitch the most important game of the season; the game that would decide who would win the American League pennant.

By game-time it was good and hot as "Bobby" Hayes toed the rubber to deliver the first pitch to the "Tiger" lead-off man, "Beebee" Singer. The pitch sailed right over the plate, as did the next and the next. From striking out Singer, he went on to retire the "Tigers" in order in the first and second innings. The fans were awed as the eighteen-year old rookie pitched like a master; but

little did they know why this was the most important game of his life.

"Bobby" ran into trouble in the third as he walked two and let Slugger "Joe" Wilson belt him for a double. With men perched on second and third, "Bobby" suddenly remembered "Skip" Larson's words, "If the *Tigers* score more than one run in any inning, I'm going to lift you." He bore down with all he had, to retire the side without further scoring. "Bobby" had occasion to remember "Skip's" words in the fifth, sixth, and seventh; but each time he pitched himself out of the jam.

"Bobby" was bearing down so hard on the mound that at the plate he was called out on strikes three times without once taking the bat off his



shoulder. On the other hand, "Al" Baker, the catcher, found time at the plate to belt two homers to knock in five runs, giving the *Yankees* a lead of five to one at the end of the seventh inning.

In the eighth the *Tigers* literally

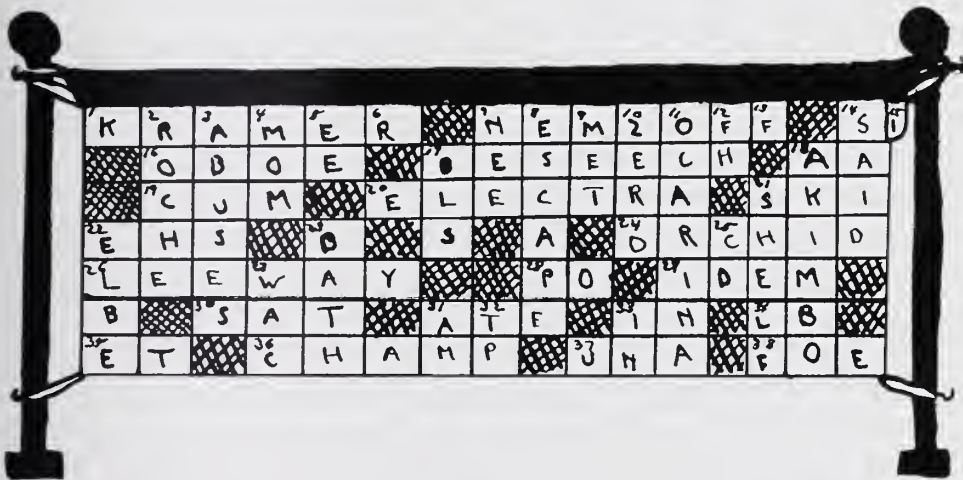
belted the cover off the ball, only to have three 400-foot drives hauled down by centerfielder "Jimmy" Peterson. The shadow of the light towers covered the Stadium as "Bobby" sat in the dugout, while his mates batted in the last of the eighth. He wondered if he could last out the ninth and fulfill his dying father's wish.

In the ninth, with the courage of a lion, he came back after being belted

for three straight singles, to set the side down on strikes. "Bobby" Hayes did not hear the gigantic crowd cheer him madly as he rushed to the phone booth; he had to call home.

"Hello, Doctor; this is Bobby Hayes. How's Dad? Did he see the game? What's he got to say?"

"Not much, Bobby; he passed away two hours before game-time, and we couldn't reach you. I'm sorry, son."



(Solution of puzzle on Page 13)



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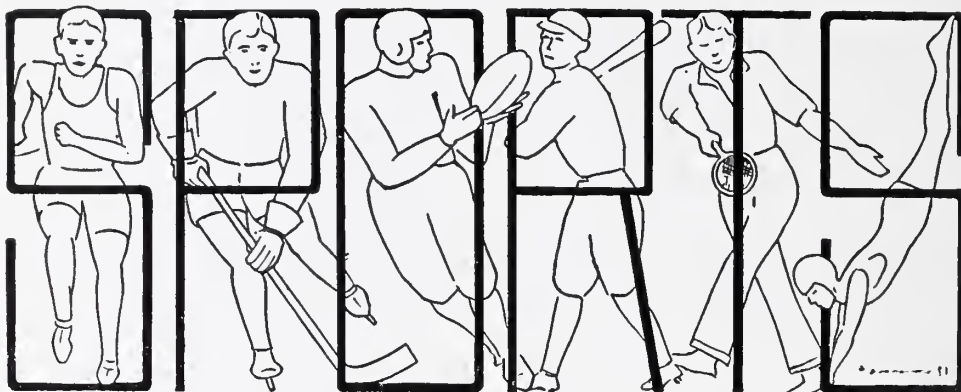
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Baseball

Latin Smothers J.P., 18-4

April 17, 1950

In a contest played without benefit of a pre-season "write-up" and marred by shoddy defensive play, Public Latin opened the season auspiciously at Draper Field by bludgeoning the Jamaica Plain nine into submission to the tune of 18-4. While our boys were combing the combined slants of three "Jay Vee" hurlers for ten hits, three of them for extra bases, "Tony" Giordano and "Nick" Carter were in the process of stifling the Plainsmen's cudgels very effectively. The Jamaicans managed to score once in the second, once again in the fifth, and twice more in the seventh frame before expiring. Captain "Harry" Jameson, with a double and single in two official trips, and "Mike" Semans, with two singles in three "at-bats", helped the cause of the Purple tremendously. Batting laurels of the day go to "Buck" Benson, whose three-for-four were a contributing factor in B.L.S.'s "Romp".

SCRATCH HITS

"J.P.'s" poor showing enabled Coach FitzGerald to make use of 18 of the 20 odd boys who dressed for the game. . . Paul Kenneally, former Latinite and present Jamaica backstop, collected one hit in one official trip to the platter to

post a perfect 1.000 against his Alma Mater . . . Harry Jameson has the somewhat unenviable distinction of having been twice hit by a pitch in the same game. A Purple Heart is rumored forthcoming! . . . A total of 18 errors were committed, 11 of them by Jamiaca Plain. . . Stolen bases were liberally doled out by the Prairie Flingers with "Matty" Benson, Jameson, "Bob" Parente, "Jack" Molloy, and, of course, Earl Aronson running wild on the basepaths.

	AB	BH	PO	A
Fechtor, 3b	3	1	3	2
George, 3b	1	0	0	0
Benson, 1b	4	3	5	0
Aghjayian, 1b	1	0	2	0
Donovan, cf	2	1	0	0
Semans, cf	3	2	2	0
Matterazzo, ss	2	0	0	1
O'Rourke, ss	2	0	0	0
Jones, ss	0	0	0	0
Aronson, lf	3	0	0	0
McNally, lf	2	0	1	0
Jameson, rf	2	2	1	0
O'Donnell, rf	1	0	0	0
Parente, 2b	1	0	3	3
Molloy, c	4	1	7	1
Nichols, c	0	0	3	0
Giordano, p	0	0	0	3
Carter, p	0	0	0	1

Latin Drops Thriller, 10-9

April 19, 1950

Again B.L.S. came up with a "big sticker", but it was to no avail as Roslindale won out 10-9 in a heart-breaker at Draper Field. Latin came to bat in the home half of the ninth, four runs behind; and for a while, it looked as though things were going to pop. "Junior" Matterazzo forgot to duck and was nicked by a pitch following three successive singles by Toyias, O'Rourke, and Aronson. "Harry" Jameson and "Shel" Fechter worked the "Rossie" hurler for a pass, the latter's free trip forcing in the third run of the inning. The Maroon and Gold, however, proved more than equal to the task of snuffing out the final rally; and the next batter fanned with the sacks drunk and two away to end the game. The batting star of the game was "Jack" Molloy,

who demonstrated his newly found power lustily with two singles and a three-bagger in five trips. "Jimmy" Toyias, Jack O'Rourke, and "Lefty" Earl Aronson also collected two singles apiece. Jameson whiffed eleven for our side.

	AB	BH	PO	A
Fechtor, 3b	5	1	3	0
Benson, 1b	5	1	6	0
Toyias, ss	4	2	1	2
Semans*				
O'Rourke, rf	5	2	0	1
Aronson, lf	5	2	0	1
Donovan, cf	5	1	2	1
Parente, 2b	2	0	2	2
Matterazzo, 2b	0	0	0	0
Molloy, c	5	1	13	2
Jameson, p	3	1	0	2

* Ran for Toyias in ninth.



Latin Bows To Brandeis

April 25, 1950

	AB	BH	PO	A
Fechtor, 3b	3	0	1	3
Benson, 1b	3	0	10	0
Toyias, ss	3	0	2	4
O'Rourke, rf	0	0	0	0
McNally, rf	1	0	0	0
Jameson, cf	4	1	0	0
Aronson, lf	5	1	3	0
Donovan, lf	0	0	0	0
Parente, 2b	4	0	1	1
Molloy, c	3	1	9	0
Buccigross, p	5	1	1	3

Latin lost a heart-breaker as an inspired Brandeis nine pulled five runs

out of the hat in the top of the ninth to win, 9-7. While "Ed" Buccigross hurled amazingly well, fanning ten and passing not a single man, he nevertheless was charged with the defeat, a tough pill to swallow. Scanlon and Stackpole, the Brandeis pitchers, limited the Purple to four hits, two for extra bases. The latter, faced with the task of holding the lead against a determined Latin squad, proved more than equal to the task as he notched two of the three outs via the strikeout route. The Purple's record is now 1-2.

Latin Loses Again

April 28, 1950

	AB	BH	PO	A
Fechtor, 3b	5	1	1	1
Benson, 1b	4	0	9	0
Toyias, ss	4	1	2	1
O'Rourke, rf	4	1	1	0
Jameson, cf	5	1	0	0
Aronson, lf	4	0	0	0
Molloy, c	4	1	9	2
Parente, 2b	2	0	2	1
McNally, 2b	1	0	0	0
Matterazzo, 2b	0	0	0	1
Giordano, p	4	1	0	3

Again the Purple came out losers as East Boston pulled off a 6-2 victory. Until the fifth inning, things seemed to

be pretty well under control, with Tony Giordano and "Bob" DeCesare hooked up in a fine pitching duel. East Boston, however, pushed four runs, more than enough to win as it finally turned out, in the top of the fifth, and followed it by one run each in the sixth and seventh frames. Latin managed one burst of scoring in the eighth, when they pushed across two tallies: but they were unable to cope with the slants of the "Eastie" pitchers. Plaudits to "Tony" Giordano, who, although passing six men, whiffed ten, besides collecting a two-bagger at the plate.

Latin Loses To Memorial

May 2, 1950

	AB	BH	PO	A
Fechtor, 3b	5	1	1	2
Benson, 1b	5	0	10	1
Toyias, ss	3	1	1	2
O'Rourke, rf	4	1	4	0
McNamara, c	3	1	2	3
Molloy, c	3	2	1	0
McNally, lf	4	1	0	0
Parente, cf	1	0	2	1
Donovan, cf	4	3	4	0
Matterazzo, 2b	1	0	2	1
Jameson, p	4	2	0	4

Again B.L.S. took it on the chin as Memorial handed our boys a licking, 8-5. As in the past games, late inning rallies by the opposition proved our downfall. Going into the first of the eighth, the score stood 5-4 in Latin's favor. Roxbury Memorial, despite the efforts of the Purple, scored twice in the eighth inning, and added two "insurance" runs in the ninth. There was no cause for the Latin boys to hang their heads, however, because they at last found the range at the plate. "Jack"

O'Rourke poled out his first four-bagger of the year, and Toyias and Captain "Harry" Jameson collected extra-base wallops. The "sticker" of the day, how-

ever, was George Donovan, who banged out a single double and three-bagger in four official trips.

Latin Beats B.C. High

May 3, 1950

	AB	BH	PO	A
Fechtor, 3b	2	0	1	5
Benson, 1b	3	1	13	0
Toyias, ss	3	1	3	3
O'Rourke, rf	4	1	1	0
McNamara, c	4	1	3	1
Jameson, cf	4	0	2	0
McNally, lf	4	1	2	0
Matterazzo, 2b	3	1	2	3
Carter, p	2	1	0	3
Molloy*	1	0	0	0
Parente, 2b	0	0	0	0

*Batted for Matterazzo in 9th.

Latin finally climbed back on the

Victory Train as the Purple downed a spirited Boston College High team, 6-4. Latin's seven hits were distributed evenly among the team with seven of the nine starters collecting a hit. The game was marred somewhat by six Latin errors which figured in the Bee Cee scoring. The aggressiveness of the B.L.S. aggregation shone today as Latin bunched three runs in the third, and two in the fifth. They later picked up an extra marker in the seventh. The winning pitcher was "Nick" Carter, who choked B.C.H. off with but six hits while striking out three.

Outdoor Track

Latin Victorious In Debut

With George White Stadium being used officially for track for the first time, a strong Latin School team scored 146 points to best Roxbury Memorial, with 127; and Dorchester, with 24. The Purple, leading as a result of wins in the field events, kept its advantage and added more points in the running contests.

In Class A, the "880" was won by consistent Carl Seils, and "Don" Tavel sped to a close victory in the "440". "Arnie" Slavet and Paul Rawlinson scored both in the field events and in the running. "Len" Dain took first in the shotput with a heave of 36 feet 1 inch. Captain Frank Kelly scored in a fast "220". The relay of Tavel, Slavet, Seils, and Rawlinson finished second.

Latin showed its domination in Class B. Stalwart "Bob" Rittenburg prevailed in the hurdles and the high jump, with Roger Joy taking second in both these

events. Winners in the "100" and the "220" were notables Fred Smith and "Chuck" Arena. "Joe" Kirk and "Dick" Zeytoonjian finished "one-two" in the "440". The "B" shotput was won by "Lou" Circeo, with "Lou" Pasco in second place. "Tom" Chin took second in the broad jump. Other scorers were Fred Washington, "Herb" Singer, Richard Morante, and "Chris" Alex. The relay, consisting of Smith, Arena, Singer, and Rittenburg, won with ease. Of all the events in Class B, only the broad jump was not annexed by a Latin school winner.

In Class C, Charles Nicholas was a double-winner in the high jump and hurdles. Paul Rosenthal took second in the hurdles; Joel Prives in the high jump. The "50" was won by "Vin" Falcone, and the shotput by "Ken" Glick, emulating their indoor performances. Also scoring high were "Al" Hor-

witz, "Phil" Arena, and Otis Gates. "Fran" Harrington, Minichiello, Murphy, Mirken, Conolly, McLean, Abramson, O'Keefe, and Kilroy all contributed to Latin's score. The C relay—Arena,

Harrington, Falcone, and Gates—finished second.

As this was the initial meet on the Stadium track, the winning margin for each event established a track record.



Latin Romps In Quad Meet

Maintaining a large lead from success in the field events, Latin School again piled up 146 points to overwhelm all opposition in a quadrangular meet. Nearest contender to the Purple was Trade with 79 points; Commerce, with 52, and Dorchester, with 22, followed Trade.

The most exciting race of the day was the Class C relay. Johnson of Trade and Falcone of Latin sped "neck and neck" for the last twenty-five yards, with Trade prevailing. Both relays were clocked the same—52.2 seconds.

In Class A, where Trade picked up most of its points, John Treanor won in the hurdles and was second to "Len"

Dain in the shotput. Paul Rawlinson and "Arnie" Slavet again won valuable points for the school. Scoring in both the discus and javelin was "Don" Tavel. Carl Seils ran a good race behind "Little Bill" Smith of Trade.

Once again it was Class B which proved Latin's scoring punch. "Bob" Rittenburg, winning the hurdles and broad jump, and "Chuck" Arena, victorious in the "220", preserved their undefeated records. "Fred" Smith won the dash and placed second in the broad jump. Roger Joy took first in the high jump and second in the hurdles. Fred Washington finished second in the dash. "Joe" Kirk and "Herb" Singer

scored in two events, as did Richard Morante, "Lou" Circeo, "Dick" Zeytoonjian, and John Crognale. The relay quartet of Smith, Arena, "Lou" Pasco, and Rittenburg won handily.

In Class C, it was Falcone in the "50", Nicholas in the hurdles, Horwitz in the "100". Following these came "Fran" Harrington, Otis Gates, "Bill" Minicheiello, and "Pete" Mealwitz. The exciting relay involved "Phil" Arena, Horwitz, Harrington, and "Vin" Falcone. In the field events, Nicholas, Connolly, and Mealwitz scored in the high

jump; "Ken" Glick, "Larry" Abramson, and Richard Hailer in the shotput. In the broad jump, the four places were captured by four Latin School boys. On his last jump, Otis Gates outdid himself with an 18-foot-1-inch leap. Behind him, respectively, were Falcone, Horwitz, and Kilroy.

Because of the strength in Class B and C, a great season for Latin School track next year is seen by Manager "Ed" Kupperstein.

Much credit is due to Coaches Roman Meagher, Bell, and especially to Mr. Carey.

Tennis

Latin Blanks Brighton

Monday, April 25

The Latin net squad traveled to Rogers Field in Brighton and showed that they were ready to defend their City Championship with an impressive 5-0 win. Latin displayed poise, power, and depth, as "Lou" Bortnick, "Marv" Schiff, and "Dick" Siegal, in singles, and "Nipper" Ward, "Jordy" Zisk, "Len" Shulman, and "Paul" Rosenthal in doubles didn't lose a single set.

DROP SHOTS

"Dick" Siegal had the toughest match of the day, but came through with a

6-3; 6-3, win. . . . "Marv" Schiff and "Lou" Bortnick displayed powerful services, and the double teams worked well together.

SCORES

Singles

Bortnick	6-1	6-1
Schiff	6-2	6-1
Siegal	6-3	6-3

Doubles

Rosenthal and Shulman	6-0	6-0
Ward and Zisk	6-0	6-0

Latin Shuts Out Hyde Park

Monday, May 2

The Purple played host to Hyde Park's tennis squad at Franklin Field, but defeated them 5-0 without losing a single set. "Lou" Bortnick played a great match today as he sparked the Latin's squad with a 6-4, 6-3 win over "Dick" Hook, Hyde Park's star. "Marv" Schiff and "Buzzy" Siegal played steady tennis to win their matches handily.

DROP SHOTS

Paul Rosenthal, unable to play because of a bad leg, was replaced by

"Len" Kogos . . . "Buzzy" Siegal and "Marv" Schiff made several clever put-away shots at the net. . . . This shutout leaves Latin on top of the Conference: English is second.

SCORES

Singles:

Bortnick	6-4	6-3
Schiff	6-0	6-2
Siegal	6-1	6-3

Doubles

Shuman and Kogos	6-1	6-2
Ward and Zisk	6-0	6-1



Latin Whitewashes Tech

Friday May 5

The Purple raised its point total to 15 and 0 with a decisive victory over a mediocre Technical team. Mr. Thomas shifted his line-up in a successful effort to shut out Technical. Bortnick played Number one, but "Len" Shulman and Paul Rosenthal played "Two" and "Three" respectively. The doubles were strengthened as "Buzzy" Siegal teamed with "Nipper" Ward. Paul Rosenthal and "Len" Shulman playing singles for the first time, had some rough times, but came through with flying colors.

DROP SHOTS

Latin, still unscored upon, ranks as the Number One team in the city. . . . "Marv" Schiff and "Buzzy" Siegal made good on several overhand smashes in their respective matches.

SCORES

Singles

Bortnick	6-1 6-2
Shulman	6-4 6-3
Rosenthal	6-4 6-3

Doubles

Siegal and Zisk	6-1 6-0
Schiff and Ward	6-0 6-2

M & S CONSTRUCTION CO.

Alumni Notes

BY CONRAD GELLER '51
AND SUMNER J. FERRIS '50

Roy E. Larsen, '17, President of *Time, Inc.*, who was recently elected Chairman of the Board of the United Hospital Fund, was given the first annual award of the Tuition Plan, Inc., as "the person who made the most significant contribution to education in the last year".

* * * *

General Thomas C. Darcey, '28, holder of two Distinguished Service Medals and numerous other honors from foreign governments (French, Dutch, etc.), has been named as the new deputy chief for the European Air Theater.

* * * *

Another B.L.S. alumnus who has seen military duty, General A. K. Herbert, '26, (Reserve Army Engineer) is at present the President of Roma Wine Co., in Fresno, California. He is also President of the Vineyard Growers Association of California.

* * * *

John Wilson, also of the Class of '26, holds the office of Vice-President of the Perry Gyroscope Company, New York.

* * * *

Richard Raskind, '45, top-ranking civil engineering student in the graduating class at Northeastern University, was presented with the 20th annual Boston Society of Civil Engineers Scholarship at a special engineering convention on April 26. He was on the Honor Roll here and the Dean's List at Northeastern.

* * * *

Philip John Bond, '47, is ranking scholar in the entire school at Boston College; while Neal O'Keefe, '43, holder of the Franklin Medal, is ranking

scholar in the Freshman class in the same institution.

* * * *

Joseph P. Van Der Meulen, '46, biology Major at B.C., spoke at the Eastern College Science Students Convention at Barnard College on April 28th and 29th. He described his experiments with frogs to determine the principles and effects of decompression on an animal organism. And that, fellow-students, is quite a subject.

* * * *

On January 1st of this year, Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., '43, was promoted to the position of program analyst with the American International Association for Economic and Social Development. Just previous to this, on Christmas Day, 1949, his engagement to Miss Dolores M. Duncan of Danbury, Conn., was announced.

* * * *

Also entering states of connubial bliss are two members of the Class of 1930: Albert E. Lord, Research Fellow in Slavic Languages at Harvard; and Wilfred Malenbaum, chief of the investment and economic development of the U.S. Department of State.

* * * *

Leonard Bernstein, '35, is composer of the musical score of "Peter Pan", a new musical hit which just opened on Broadway.

* * * *

Edward Myers, '39, has announced his candidacy in the forthcoming Congressional election, planning to run against the present incumbent Christian Herter, in the Tenth Congressional District.



Our Lords and Masters



PHILIP MARSON

Teaches English in Room 235—Born in Roxbury, now inhabits Chestnut Hill—Tufts College (B.S. '15); Boston Teachers' College (M.Ed. '28) . . . Captain E.H.S. basketball team and Tufts Freshman Football; Varsity baseball and basketball—Tufts. At B.L.S. since '26 . . . Besides teaching has been director of Camp Alton, Wolfeboro, N.H., since 1937 (Advt.). Has been literary adviser to the *Register* since 1931; and finds recreation in bowling, the legitimate theatre, aardvarkiana, and reading. Married; "one daughter, one grandson, one granddaughter, and one wife."

ALBERT ALEXANDER THOMPSON

Teaches chemistry and general science in 318 . . . Lives in Jamaica Plain. Married and has daughter, a Junior at Boston University . . . Graduate of E.H.S.. '14; Boston University (S.B.), '18; Harvard (Ed.M.), '21; Massachusetts Institute of Technology (certificate, '27) . . . Technician with Navy Department during World War I . . . Taught at Belmont High, 1922-1930, before coming to B.L.S. . . . Message to boys: "If you were smart enough to pick B.L.S. as your school, be smart enough to stay here and graduate !"



ALLAN JAMES DOHERTY

Teaches history in 215 and is business manager of our lunchroom—Born in South Boston, resides now in Dorchester.—Graduate of B.C. High. '27; B.C., '31; M.A., '32—Has taught everywhere in Boston except Roxbury Memorial and South Boston High.—In service 39 months at Army War College in Washington.—Returned to B.L.S. in '46.—Married; three daughters, from seven years old down. Outside interests: military history, limericks, cricket, and "amateur (though avid) flutist."—Remarks: "The Latin School setup is calculated to train thinking men. Boys are very foolish if they don't take advantage of the situation."

Something of Interest.



On Monday, April 24th, the annual Class Day Exercises, directed by Class I were held in the Hall. The city Football Championship Trophy was awarded to Mr. Fitzgerald and the team by Mr. Benjamin Wolk, President of the Boston Trade School Alumni. Our football heroes of '50 also received gold footballs, donated by our own alumni and presented by Hon. Robert G. Wilson, '10, President of the B.L.S. Association.

The Class Poem was read by Robert Pearson, and an excellent Oration was delivered by Paul Jack Palmbaum. After an address by Paul Wilson, Class President, the lighter side of the proceedings began . . . the Class Play, "Mid-Century Madness", produced by Gene La Chance; the Class Prophecy, by Edward Learner and Jack Rosoff; and last, but by no means least, the Class Will, by Sheldon Feinstein, Sumner Ferris, and Dimitri Jeon. David Michael Owens, Esq., '25, delivered the main address of the day. Solos by Frank J. Mazzio, on the accordion, and Herbert Olsson, on the piano, the Class Song, by Leonard Gettes; and selections by the Boston Latin School Band, under the direction of Mr. Sordillo, rounded out the afternoon.

Prize Drill, held on the cold, raw morning of May 5th, saw an innovation in the traditional schedule of things, when an individual Manual of Arms Competition was held. Eighteen winners were picked and given special awards, nine of them from each regiment. The winners: *1st Regiment* (1) 8th Co., John Lynch; (2) 4th Co., Leo

Maguire; (3) 10th Co., Paul Cunningham; (4) 6th Co., Paul T. Wilson; (5) 12th Co., Dimitri Jeon. *2nd Regiment*: (1) 3rd Co., Wee Yen Lee; (2) 10th Co., Clark Sawin; (3) 6th Co., Francis Kelly; (4) 12th Co., Ralph Vena; (5) 9th Co., Robert Pepi. . . Individual members of the Band, not to be left without their glory, received fourteen special prizes.

The Dramatics Club selected a comedy for the annual production this year — *The Arrival of Kitty*, by Norman Swartout. Starring "Gerry" Alch, the cast included Lennard Weingarten, Gene La Chance, Stanley Appel, Robert Pearson, (all of Class I), and a lovely contingent of actresses from Girls' Latin School. Three performances were given: a dress rehearsal for the benefit of the patrons of the Alumni Banquet on Wednesday, May 3rd; and two regular performances on the 4th and 5th. Special thanks go to Mr. Donahue and Mr. MacNamara, directors; Mrs. Helen C. Carey, whose time and effort helped make the production the great success that it was; and the stage crew, led by "Billy" Lindahl.

The New England finals of the American Legion Oratorical Contest were recently held in our school with a large student attendance. Although our own Stanley Appel had been earlier defeated (winning, nonetheless, the Boston title), we were pleased to discover that a representative of nearby St. Mary's High in Brookline had won the regional title. Next year we promise to do better.

Alumni Interviews

By S. J. FERRIS, '50
AND T. S. DOHERTY, '51

Bishop John J. Wright '27

WHEN A CATHOLIC BISHOP is awarded his first (actual) diocese, he may rightfully feel proud, though he usually is humble. At least we of the Latin School may feel proud that John J. Wright, '27, has been elevated to the first bishopric of Worcester.

Personally greeting me, he led me into his study, cluttered with evidences of his ecclesiastical duties and, without much prompting, began to tell me of his days at B.L.S. Testing his fabulous memory, he recalled *all* of his masters, "the tail-end of those magnificent Yankees from Warren Avenue." You may recall a few of them: Mr. Gardner; Mr. Pierce; our own Messrs. Levine, French, and Sheehan, "wonderful men and excellent teachers, all three;" and, incidentally, his schoolmate, "Bill" Marnell, our high opinion coinciding.

Somewhat surprisingly, His Excellency chose the Latin School public education. He had entered Hyde Park School, remaining there only a few days before he realized he wanted a classical course. He patiently waited a full week outside Mr. Campbell's office for official permission to enter his future Alma Mater.

The same "Pat" Campbell, the second—last Headmaster of B.L.S., became one of the Bishop's greatest and truest friends in life. He had passed Wright literally hundreds of times without a "glimmer of recognition" until, near graduation, "Pat" called the boy to his office.

"I hear you have a scholarship to Dartmouth."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever thought of becoming a priest?" Mr. Campbell produced the opportunities for the future Bishop to receive scholarships both to Boston Col-

lege and later to the North American College in Rome. Shortly thereafter, the news of his Headmaster's death reached him. "A great man," is the Bishop's opinion of him to this day.

At the customary vague question I am wont to ask, I succeeded in making Bishop Wright reveal his grand personality: "The 'secret' of the Latin School is its lack of false sentiment; you produce or you leave. It is based on the principle of the hierarchy of intellect: all men are *not* born equal. Some are naturally brighter, better, more capable, more clean, more courageous than others; and democracy as an ideal can survive only as long as there is spiritual and intellectual aristocracy, a hierarchy of values. That is what makes B.L.S. different and important—it recognizes an intellectual aristocracy. You know that you don't have an equal right to



Photo by Fabian Bachrach

pass, to get 100, or to graduate. You work for what you achieve.

"It is also one of the few prep schools which still prepare for the primary questions of life. Science is, in the last analysis, not the heart, but the machinery of living. It shows how, but doesn't say why. And only the classical tradition still teaches the fundamentals of life."

He deprecated his own contributions to school life, although he admitted to have enjoyed it. He wrote the reviews for the *Register* and participated in some "wonderful bull sessions," sitting around and later writing what he terms tripe. (We doubt it.) While professing to hold great contempt for athletics, (because of confessed ineptitude), he excelled outwardly in military drill. He was so bad that he never marched; but since his company always won a prize, he worked up the *cursus honorum* until he marched as a Captain in the Schoolboy Parade. He describes his mates as "somewhat riled".

He delivered the Class Will and Prophecy, collaborated on that thankless task-finding the quotes for the *Liber Actorum*. "If the quotes were complimentary, I took the credit; if not, I foisted the blame on another. . . I think

I won the Fidelity Prize one year, I took part in debating, and wrote several essays. But a diploma from B.L.S. is as good as any prize."

As I sat and drank in this conversation, the Bishop first interested, then engrossed, then fairly fascinated me. Happily no fanatic about the Latin School, he realizes nonetheless its great contribution to him. In a life where sanctity and integrity are omnipresent and important, he is near the top.

Moderately, evenly built, his keen eyes and handsome face are expressive of his keen wit and great intelligence, so obvious in his verbal ease and precision. His conversation held us as he typified with it paternal sort of love of the world and true anxiety for it.

He held us so much, in fact, that we failed in what we had set out for—a "success story". Yet we enjoyed an unforgettable experience talking with and listening to true greatness. There is no other word for His Excellency.

The Latin School may be proud of its product as we leaf back through the 1927 *Liber Actorum* and read with awe the unforgettably true statement by a classmate of our own Bishop Wright: "*He from whose lips divine persuasion flows.*"

Edwin C. Johnson '00

A MOST GENIAL, accommodat-ing, white-haired gentleman greeted me in the *Office of the President* of H. A. Johnson Company and excused himself for a moment to speak on the telephone, rose from his desk to seat himself opposite me, and invited me to "fire away."

A single question sufficed to have him begin to talk: "You boys don't begin to realize *how* practical a Latin School training can be. The typical graduate enters the school at the age of twelve and has, for four or six years, learned to work hard—*alone!* And in these times, young people fail to realize either

the importance of real work or rugged honesty. The horrid result is that so many of them become disturbed and inactive. But Latin School never offers you the opportunity to become lax; and that is one of the foremost advantages in training which you will discover anywhere.

"I discovered one thing when I entered Harvard: After attending B.L.S. and acquiring an actual *feeling* for hard work, college was truly much easier. [Ed. Note: Mr. Johnson finished the course in *three* years, with *four* honors in French.] But let me urge all you fellows to try to keep a proper balance.

By all means overdo neither your studies nor your outside activities; but, on the other hand, don't neglect them. It is a fatal personal laxness with so many young people attending college to advocate either extreme."

Your reporter urged him to return for a bit to his Alma Mater of fifty years. His eyes fairly sparkled as he spoke of the marvelous opportunities which he and others realized during his years at B.L.S. "You have the pick of the city, as no private school could ever have." His greatest personal triumphs are nearly unbelievable: Although forced to remain out of school for two years, he succeeded in making up all the work . . . He placed first in the Public Declamation, led his company to first place in Prize Drill, and won the City Tennis championships—three honors which demonstrate how well he has followed his constant ideal, a well-rounded life. Then, looking back across the years, he reminisced about the Latin School of his day.

As he was speaking, your reporter somehow gained an insight into the life of the man himself; it would be difficult, I felt, to find a more successful man—from a material standpoint—who retained so well a rigid sense of honesty of principles. Mr. Johnson has put much into his life and conversely has gained much from it. A tireless, faithful worker, he is at the same time a capable, efficient organizer, with the multiple distinctions of having renovated our own Latin School Association; being President of his own large company; holding the responsible post of President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce; and having founded both the Boston Junior Executives Club and the Executives Club. Nonetheless, he still has found—or made—the time to



Photo by Fabian Bachrach

broaden himself by extensive travel in Europe and writing extensively for his own company's publication. You'll agree with me when I term him "versatile."

And beneath this laudable exterior I saw no Babbitt, no fiercely acquisitive money-maker. Rather there appeared a man ready, even eager to help his fellow; to remain unprejudiced; and, above all, to maintain his self-respect and natural dignity. Mr. Johnson never, for instance, denies time to any young man seeking advice; in fact, he receives actual joy from the "golden chance" to advise his successors as well as he can.

The offices outside were closing; and, as I rose to take leave, he seemed to sum up his marvelous philosophy of life: "Your religion, no matter what it may be, is not just a matter for church; it is a thing to live up to."

The Wise Old Aardvark says, "Success depends upon three factors: (1) your innate ability; (2) your hard work; and (3) circumstances beyond your control. The only factor you can do anything about is the second. Ergo, go to work".



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. Lyons
W. Morgan

March 14: An unusual forum today!

The affirmative said "Yes"; the negative said "No"; and Classes II and III said, "What a wonderful way to get out of two periods!" . . . The increase in the number of yellow cards issued is probably because of those morbid Health Ed pictures. It has even been rumored that an enterprising pupil has made a small fortune selling Bromo-Seltzer after the movies . . .

March 15: Two "Sixies" managed to reach the fourth floor today, only to find that Mr. Meanor had just moved to Room 105.—H'mm! Must have heard about the nurse!! . . . Authorities have asked *Ye R.R.R.* to bat right-handed at all future Phys Ed softball games; too many windows have been broken at G.L.S. Are you listening, Mr. Yawkey? . . .

March 16: An explanatory note—Last month's cover did NOT depict the sailing away on a 3-week cruise of a popular third-floor French teacher . .

March 17: No school—"St. Paddy's Day." Some of the *Register* "wheels" were privileged to attend the High School Editors' Party at the Copley Plaza, where they met some members of the staff of another student publication. (What did you say her telephone number was, Tom?) . . .

March 20: Gee Whiz! Everything we do is wrong! We can't play Julius

Caesar any more, because some boy stuck his compass in the lap, or rather, the back of the lap, of another boy. Ahhh!!! S-o-o-o ??? . . . One of *Ye R.R.R.*'s contributions to the *Register* was rejected because it "lacks verisimilitude." Come again? . . .

March 21: Chess Club meeting today! It seems that they are using pawns in an effort to determine Mr. Weinert's system. See Scig, the bookmaker, for the results!! . . .

Teacher to tardy pupil: "Dribblestein, you should have been here at 8:45."

Pupil: "Why, did something happen?" . . .

March 22: Today the Aviation, German, Math, Art, etc., Clubs met at the same time. How can a fellow be in fifteen places at one time? Some Seniors would really like to know. Eh what, Mr. Cohen??? . . . After the recent College Boards the applications for Mrs. Amadoon's School of Basket-Weaving have been steadily increasing (Mrs. Amadoon comes to you through the courtesy of Sir Lee.)

March 23: On Wednesday, March 29, there will be a contest for "jabberboxes." No, there is no such word in the dictionary, and what's more, if you don't like the joke, march up to Room 333 and start complaining. CHICKEN . . .

Heard in 240:

Teacher: "Jones, what is a solecism?"

Pupil: "Dah, . . . dat's de planets an' stars an' things."

March 24: Bicycles must be stored away in the bowels of the Bicycle Room. Horses may be allowed to graze unmolested in the grassy area between Latin and Simmons College, so long as their presence is not annoying to certain masters. Wonder how they whinny with a French accent ???

March 27: Heard in Science class: "LaChance, what is the formula for water?"

"H₂O"

"What is the formula for ocean water?"

"CH₂O"

March 28: Notice to all plebeians of *Class VI:*

If your teacher asks you to carry a heavy bundle, you can tell him to go to . . . that is, you can tell him to go to . . . but you don't have to tell him to go to . . . yes . . . the custodian! I guess some teachers will start to buy their own lunches . . .

March 29: The hopes of many young, aspiring members of the black market were crushed by today's bulletin: "Carchecks are not to be sold." . . .

March 30: Do you find it difficult to breathe when you are holding your breath? . . . Do you see spots before your eyes when you are looking at a leopard? . . . That must prove something; so transport yourself with all possible alacrity to Room 228. The *Register* needs you . . .

March 31: A Radio Club meeting today featured a demonstration of short-wave two-way reception. The good Master O'Callahan provided beginner's lessons in "Making Out via Esperanto"! !

April 3: When you see the picture of the French Club's officers in this year's *Liber Actorum*, do not get the impression that there is a loving-cup on the desk. That is merely the back of ye R.R.R.'s head

April 4: It was done last issue:

One cat has four legs, but

No cat has two legs.

Adding: One cat has six legs . . .

April 5: Señor Jose A. Godoy, the Peruvian consul, lectured the Modern History Club on the subject of Pan-Americanism. In conjunction with this lecture, Mr. Dunn, ably assisted by *Chiquita Banana*, will try to clarify the policy of "Hands Across the Border" by practical demonstration. .

April 6-9: Easter parades! Girls! New clothes! Trees! Z-Z-z-z

April 10: Good news! Because of the abundance of openings for cad-dies on the Golf Team, boys of the lower classes may earn their Junior junior varsity letter, a damp "L" fished out of a bowl of alphabet soup! !

April 11: At Latin: A nomadic portion of the metamorphised igneous or sedimentary deposits of the protozoic era accumulates no bryosophitic life. Anywhere else: A rolling stone gathers no moss . . . Well, it fills space, anyway.

April 12: Several members of Class II were admitted to the Honor Society. They were given the further honor of being allowed to pay one dollar for the Yearbook pictures.

April 13: An expectant hush has pervaded the atmosphere of B.L.S., for . . . the French Club's Pronunciation Contest is coming. Parlez voose frankayse? Ooee, ooee, monsewer.

April 14: Members of the Band are requested to report to the large Rehearsal Room at 10 A.M., prepared to play, but without leggings. Two pairs of Wonder-Weave "Can't Runs" will be given to every member present!

April 15-23: Don't bother me; I'm studying during the vacation. (*Roars of deafening laughter*).

April 24: Rumor has it that bodyguards have been provided for the writers of the Class Will and Class Prophecy.

April 25: *Scene from Class Play:*
Two members of the *Register Circu-*

lation Staff are standing over a battered body: One says:

"Let's get this body out of the corridor before another bulletin is issued about the cleanliness in the building."

April 26: Don't tell anybody that I told you, but the prison gates are to be unlocked in less than 40 days.

April 27: Good news!! "Kitty" is here at last, and Sparr's has made available to Seniors a special preparation containing *catnip*.

April 28: The proximity of Prize Drill has given Latin School the appearance of a small West Point, I mean Annapolis. (Excuse me, Lt. Cannon.) Officers are no longer identified by the silver disks, but by the blackjacks sticking out of their back pockets . . . Still waiting for "Kitty"!

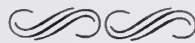
May 1: A group picture of the *Register* Literary Staff will soon be taken for the *Liber Actorum*. "Phil" has made the unjust requisition that I take the candle off my head for the picture.

May 3: Phys Ed periods this week are being forsaken for marching in anticipation of Prize Drill. But, sir, I like "clenching and unclenching the fists." (Now you know why the second R for R.R.R. stands for "raving".)

May 4: That drone which you have been hearing lately on the third floor is not Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky, but some of the Seniors having a grand auction of trots.

May 5: This is the next-to-last article in the *R.R.R.* for this year. Always some poor fool writes the *R.R.R.* and goes nearly crazy trying to find something worthy of mention. The *R.R.R.* is undoubtedly the most widely slammed portion of the *Register*. If you think *you* can do better, however, you are cordially invited to submit your gags and stuff.

May 8: DEAD-line! Finals of the French Pronunciation contest will be held in 301, with a special prize donated by the French government. At last report, this reporter was holding out for Denise Darcel!!!



On Wednesday, May 3, in our building was held the annual Spring meeting of the Latin School Association, some 350 Alumni and Seniors attending.. After explanations for the delay of the memorial plaque, reports were read; distinguished visitors-including Messrs. Powers and Pike were greeted; and the slate of officers for the next year was decided—Roger Tyler, '13, *President*; Edmund Burke. '04, *Vice-President*; Messrs. Frank W. Johnson, '04, Lee J. Dunn, '24, and Paul C. Kelley, '43, joining the other six members of the Standing Committee for a three-year term. Thereafter, the assemblage descended to a full and adequate banquet in our lunchroom, then rose to the second floor for after-dinner cigars and a presentation of "The Arrival of Kitty". And in that short time, the Senior Class was recognized as a group of men.

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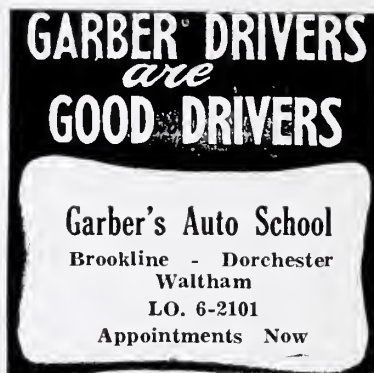
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